[fic] Human AU: Nightmare

• Mar. 11th, 2011 at 1:56 AM

Title: Human AU: Nightmare.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Michael +/ Gabriel +/ Raphael.
Word Count: 1,177 words.
Summary: Among other things, Michael has a nightmare, Gabriel makes plans for a trip, and Raphael is actually a good influence on Michael.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt nightmare being used for this one. Six down, twenty-four to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Raphael, in a way, turned out to be a blessing for them both: a convenient excuse for Gabriel to resume cooking for all of them without losing face, and even better, Michael had an incentive to start learning, something he'd been avoiding ever since Gabriel had found him on the front doorstep. (No, no living room appearances for Michael, just a heap on the doorstep.)

Michael didn't want to (couldn't afford to) lose face in front of Raphael, and so he paid attention when Gabriel cooked eggs, paid attention when Gabriel laid down the law of 'turn off the stove and oven when you're done with them, or I'll kill you if the fire doesn't get you first' and bothered to remember that there was warm water in the shower, as before he hadn't bothered with the comfort. (Not that he used it in his own showers, but Raphael had earned full disclosure rights from him a long time ago.)

Gabriel found that there was breakfast waiting for him one morning, not that the cook was anywhere in sight, but if anything it helped ease the tensions in the household.

The fires of Hell scorched and burned him; actually *hurt* him when he passed through them and made him cry out in pain as he flew faster, higher, racing to finish his task and escape before he gave into the pain and was trapped.

He flew to free someone, to lift them out of Hell, a task that tugged at his memories and reminded him of another task that other angels before him had been obligated to do, but he couldn't think, not now, not when the fires just climbed higher and singed his wings with soot.

Michael spotted the one he was to free, felt the fires vanish abruptly to be replaced with the coldest chill, one that weighted his wings down and made him feel fragile, delicate. He folded his wings and kept diving, giving up height in exchange for speed, and reached out for -

- hands outstretched, mouth opening to cry the name of the one he was to free, coldest

wind whipping around him as he fell -

"Michael!"

He woke up, sat up, hand already raising, then stopped. He wasn't in Hell.

Raphael is before him, at the end of the bed, hands raised. Michael stares at him, lost, still confused by sleep.

"You were screaming," Raphael says at long last, and Michael drops his hand. "As if you were in pain."

"Raphael," Michael says, and automatically rubs his eyes. "...I'm awake. You can go."

It feels so strange, so out of place to see Raphael (even awkwardly) trying to help him.

It makes Michael do something equally strange, and he is climbing out the bed, stumbling forward to catch Raphael in a hug from behind, press his face into Raphael's shoulder.

They'll deny that it happened, later.

"Thank you," Michael says, feeling oddly comforted, and closes his eyes, letting go. He turns away before Raphael looks at him, if he ever turns around, and rubs at his eyes again.

He doesn't hear if Raphael says anything, and when he turns back Raphael is gone.

The bed is still there, and he thinks of going back to bed, trying to sleep again, but the dream - he clenches his fists unconsciously, and turns to dress instead. Instead of trying to remember who he was rescuing, he tries to remember how Gabriel operated that...it was a microwave, wasn't it?...and goes downstairs.

" - and I'm telling you, I can't come in today. What? No, I'm not sick! It's a family thing. I can't get out of it without offending the heads of the family - no, I'm *not* in the mafia, nevermind that it feels like that sometimes, oh you shush. I'll call Kevin, make him cover my shift. It'll be fine. Seriously....oh, you want to know why family's hijacking my life? Well, without giving too much away, there's a new arrival and - "

Gabriel is in the kitchen, punctuating his speech with wild gestures, and Michael stops in the doorway. He doesn't understand half of it, and for a moment he has to struggle to remember that Gabriel's not praying or talking to himself - he's using a phone, he finally remembers, and that means there's a human on the other end.

Mystery solved, he crosses the room to the cupboards and begins figuring out how to heat milk again. He'd seen Gabriel do it once, had discreetly sampled it when Gabriel had left the room for five minutes, and surely it couldn't be impossible?

Mug, milk, microwave. Which led to the problem of how he was supposed to use the microwave.

It heated things up, that much he knew, but...

Absently he notes that Gabriel is hanging up, and absently he's aware that he's being watched.

He pushes a few buttons and frowns when nothing starts heating up.

"Okay, new lesson for the human," Gabriel says, suddenly next to him, and pokes Michael's shoulder. "Please tell me you know how to read."

Michael stares at Gabriel, then looks at the buttons and reads one out-loud. "Popcorn."

"That would be the popcorn button, yes. Oh thank god I don't have to teach you English too."

That nets Gabriel a glare this time, and Gabriel rolls his eyes.

"I'll do whatever I want to do to Dad's name, and you'll put up with it."

"I don't like it," Michael says at last, and Gabriel just shrugs at him.

"Okay, this button here? The one that says start? Once you tell it how long it should run for, that's what you push to make it go. Now for this drink, about a minute and a half should be good, so punch the one button, the three button, and the zero button. Then push start."

Michael does, and is rewarded by seeing the microwave light up.

"When it beeps it's done. Oh, by the way, we're all going to the park today."

"What?"

"The park. Outdoors. Raphael gets to come too."

Michael knows what outdoors is, but 'park' is another term that if he were normal he would *know* what it meant, and wouldn't need to stare at Gabriel blankly and wait for an answer.

"...okay. Think of Eden, only nowhere near as nice and with more people in it and fewer animals. Oh, and a ton of squirrels, but we're supposed to ignore them."

It's an explanation that Michael thinks will make more sense once he's actually seen this park.

"You're in charge of telling Raphael about this, as the chances of him listening to me are about nil. Got it?"

"I'm not completely ignorant, Gabriel," Michael says, and pulls his milk from the microwave when it beeps. "When do we leave?"

"In an hour. Just long enough for clothes and food and such. You know, the basics."

The basics that they both know Michael should have learned days ago. Michael says nothing and drinks his milk, finished with the conversation.

Previous | Next